

52 BIG FULL WIDTH PAGES

PLASTIC MAN

QUALITY
COMIC
PUBLICATION

10¢

MAY

No. 29

*South of the border,
Down Mexico way,
Tricky Toledo has a
field day---*

*Until **PLASTIC MAN**
and **WOOZY** put a
crimp in his style
and justice is done
**WHERE CRIME HAD
RUN WILD!***





WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

PLASTIC MAN

PLASTIC MAN

GOSH, PLAS! I
DON'T SEE HOW
ANYONE CAN
GET ACROSS
THE BORDER WITH
YOU GUARDING
IT!

DON'T BE
SO SURE,
WOODY! TRICKY
TOLEDO IS A
PRETTY SLIPPERY
CUSTOMER!

*and the
ATTEMPTED RETURN
of TRICKY TOLEDO*

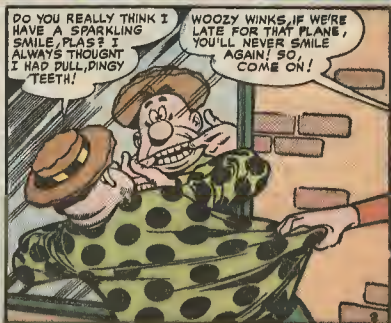
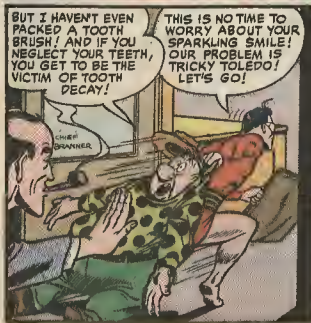
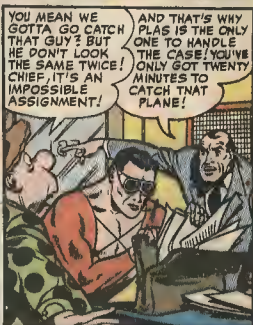
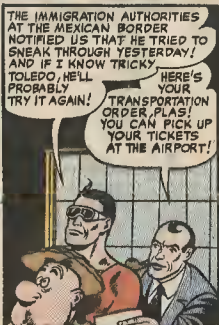
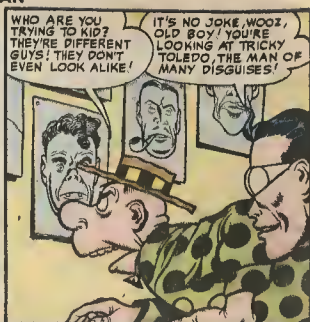
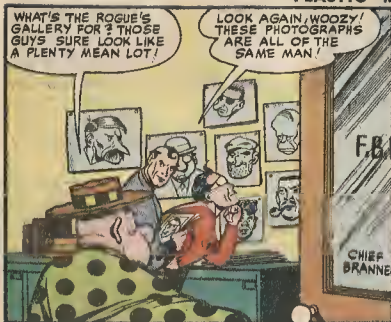
MEXICO

USA

PLASTIC MAN
IS SO RIGHT
BECAUSE HERE
I AM SLIPPING
RIGHT THROUGH!

THE F.B.I. DEPORTS TRICKY TOLEDO, BIG-TIME RACKETEER, SOUTH OF THE BORDER TO MEXICO! BUT TRICKY WANTS TO SNEAK BACK INTO THE UNITED STATES BY HOOK OR BY CROOK! AND IT'S UP TO PLASTIC MAN TO HOOK THIS CROOK.... FOR GOOD!

PLASTIC MAN



PLASTIC MAN



HURRY, OUR PLANES GETTING READY TO TAKE OFF!

I'M DOING THE BEST PUFF-PUFF! I CAN PLAS. I GUESS I'M NOT IN VERY GOOD SHAPE.



YOU COULD REMEDY THAT BY LIMITING YOURSELF TO ONE DESSERT AFTER EACH MEAL!

NO THANKS! THAT WOULD BE A FATE WORSE THAN DEATH!



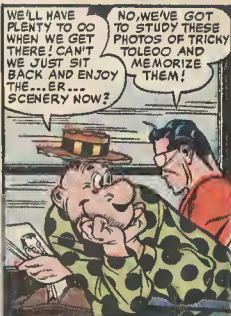
PLEASE FASTEN YOUR SAFETY BELTS.

JUST ASK ME ANYTHING AND I'D DO IT FOR YOU GLADLY.



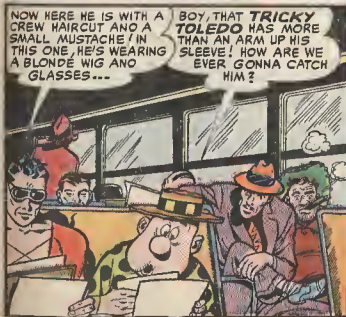
YOU KNOW, THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT AIR TRAVEL THAT GIVES ME A LIFT!

WELL, COME IN FOR A LANDING! WE'VE GOT TO BUCKLE DOWN TO WORK!



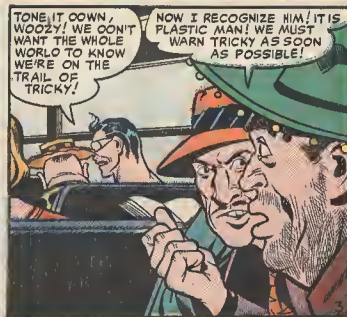
WE'LL HAVE PLENTY TO GO WHEN WE GET THERE! CAN'T WE JUST SIT BACK AND ENJOY THE... ER... SCENERY NOW?

NO, WE'VE GOT TO STUDY THESE PHOTOS OF TRICKY TOLEDO AND MEMORIZE THEM!



NOW HERE HE IS WITH A CREW HAIRCUT AND A SMALL MUSTACHE! IN THIS ONE, HE'S WEARING A BLONDE WIG AND GLASSES...

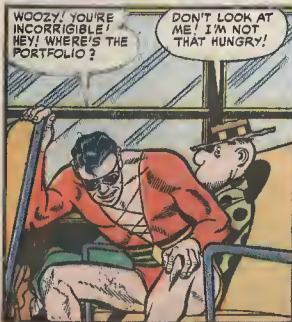
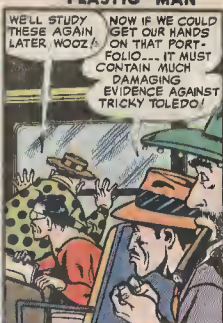
BOY, THAT TRICKY TOLEDO HAS MORE THAN AN ARM UP HIS SLEEVE! HOW ARE WE EVER GONNA CATCH HIM?



TONE IT DOWN, WOOLLY! WE DON'T WANT THE WHOLE WORLD TO KNOW WE'RE ON THE TRAIL OF TRICKY!

NOW I RECOGNIZE HIM! IT IS PLASTIC MAN! WE MUST WARN TRICKY AS SOON AS POSSIBLE!

PLASTIC MAN



PLASTIC MAN

WE'VE CHECKED EVERY ONE'S BAGGAGE BUT IT'S NOT THERE, SIR! ARE YOU SURE YOU BROUGHT IT ON BOARD WITH YOU?

MISS, YOU COULD MAKE A MAN FORGET MANY THINGS, BUT I KNOW WE HAD THAT PORTFOLIO WITH US!



IF YOU HIDE SOMETHING IN AN OBVIOUS PLACE, A MIGO, NO ONE THINKS TO LOOK FOR IT THERE!

SI! SOON WE WILL LAND! THEN YOU WALK OFF THE PLANE WITH THE MAGAZINES UNDER YOUR ARM! THEN WE CAN GIVE THE PORTFOLIO TO TRICKY TOLEDO!



IT WOULD HAVE BEEN DIFFICULT FOR PLASTIC MAN TO LOCATE TRICKY! BUT WITHOUT THE PHOTOGRAPHS AND THE OTHER INFORMATION, PLASTIC MAN WILL BE STUMBLING AROUND IN THE DARK!

WE'RE GETTING READY TO LAND, SIR! PERHAPS YOUR PORTFOLIO WILL TURN UP WHEN THE BAGGAGE GOES THROUGH CUSTOMS!

I HOPE SO! BUT ON THE CHANCE IT DOESN'T, WOULD YOU SEND THIS TELEGRAM, THROUGH?

I'M WIRING THE CHIEF TO SEND US DUPLICATE INFORMATION! BUT IT'S CERTAINLY GOING TO SLOW US UP!

OH, GOLLY, PLAS! AND WHILE WE'RE WAITING, TRICKY TOLEDO MAY BE SLIPPING ACROSS THE BORDER!



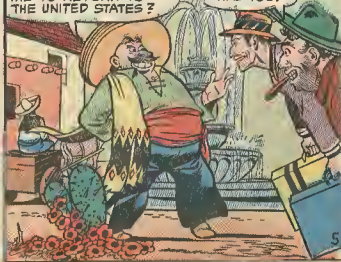
I AM SO SORRY, SENOR! WE HAVE CHECKED THOROUGHLY BUT WE DID NOT FIND YOUR MISSING PORTFOLIO!

THANKS FOR YOUR TROUBLE! IF YOU GET ANY INFORMATION ON IT, YOU CAN REACH ME AT THE JUMPING BEAN HOTEL!

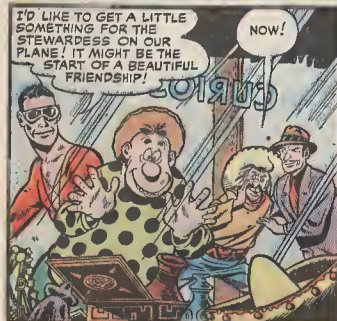
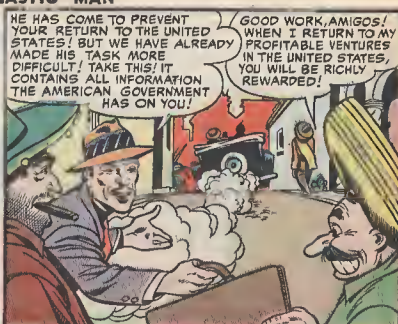


SALUDOS, AMIGOS! HAVE YOU MADE ALL THE ARRANGEMENTS FOR ME TO RETURN TO THE UNITED STATES?

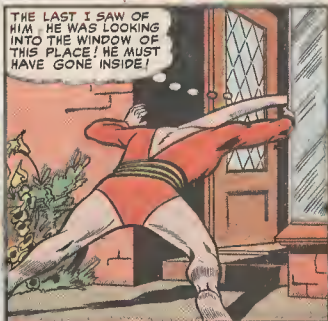
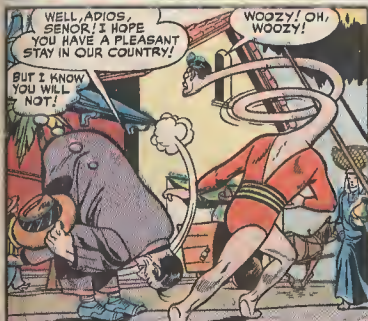
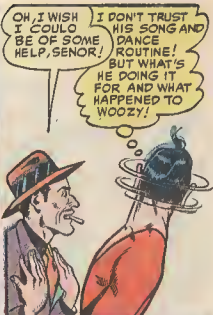
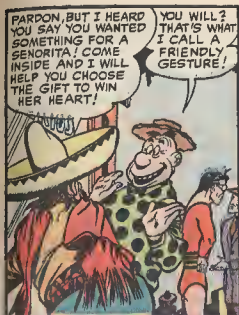
TRICKY TOLEDO! FOR A MOMENT I DID NOT EVEN KNOW IT WAS YOU!



PLASTIC MAN

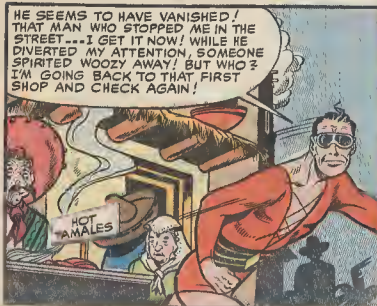


PLASTIC MAN



AND AFTER A FRUITLESS SEARCH...

PLASTIC MAN



HE SEEMS TO HAVE VANISHED!
THAT MAN WHO STOPPED ME IN THE
STREET...I GET IT NOW! WHILE HE
DIVERTED MY ATTENTION, SOMEONE
SPIRITED WOZZY AWAY! BUT WHO?
I'M GOING BACK TO THAT FIRST
SHOP AND CHECK AGAIN!

OF ALL THE LUCK!
IN THE MEANTIME
I'D BETTER NOTIFY
THE LOCAL POLICE
OF WOZZY'S
DISAPPEARANCE!

CUKI



MEANWHILE, IN THE BACK ROOM
OF THE CLOSED SHOP...

WHAT'S THIS ALL
ABOUT, FELLOWS?
IS THIS THE WAY
TO TREAT A CASH
CUSTOMER?

WHAT'S
THIS ALL
ABOUT,
FELLOWS? IS
THIS THE WAY
TO TREAT A
CASH
CUSTOMER?



WHY ARE YOU
SAYING EXACTLY
WHAT I SAY? ARE
YOU A PARROT
OR SOMETHING?

YOUR IMITATION OF HIS
VOICE IS EXCELLENT,
TRICKY! I BELIEVE IT
WOULD DECEIVE EVEN
PLASTIC MAN WHO
KNOWS HIM
WELL!



EGULPE HE
CALLED YOU
TRICKY!
YOU'RE
TRICKY
TOLEDO!
OH, WHY
DID I
EVER
LEAVE
HOME?

NOW I WILL
TAKE YOUR
CLOTHES! THEY
WILL MAKE MY
DISGUISE
COMPLETE!



SOBE IT'S A
GOOD THING
MY FRIENDS
CAN'T SEE ME
NOW! OH, THE
HUMILIATION
OF IT ALL!

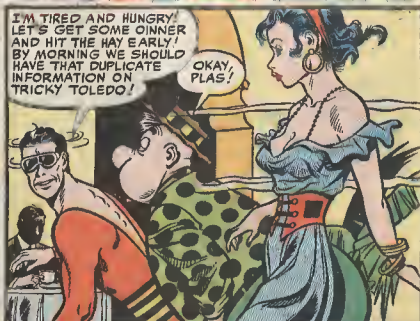
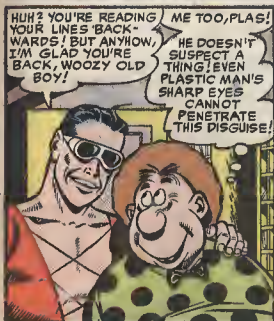
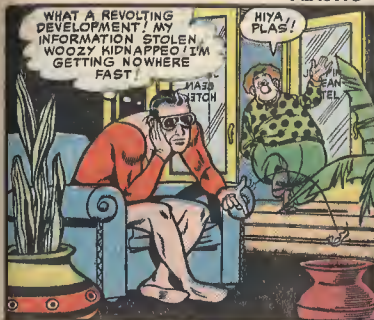
I WOULD HAVE
PREFERRED TO
DISGUISE MY-
SELF AS A MORE
INTELLIGENT AND
HANDSOME MAN,
BUT IT IS NOT
POSSIBLE IN
THIS CASE...



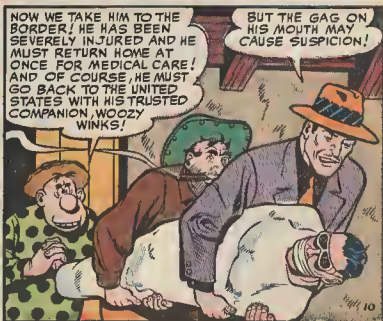
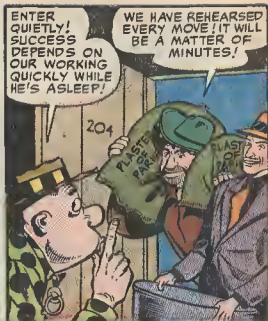
---SINCE I MUST
LOOK LIKE WOZZY
WINKS!



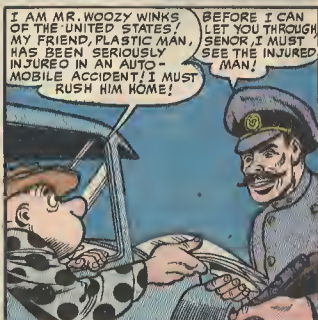
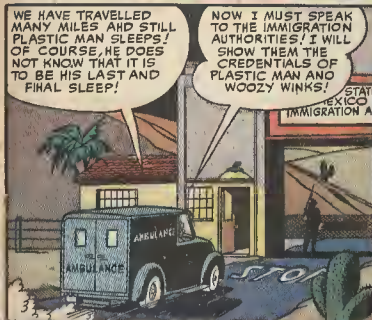
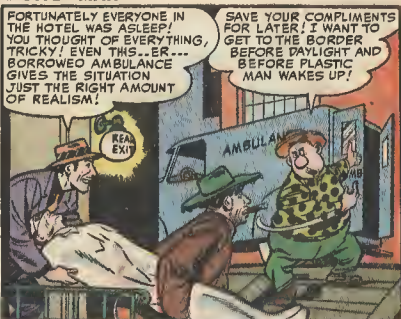
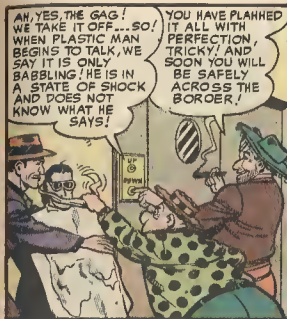
PLASTIC MAN



PLASTIC MAN



PLASTIC MAN



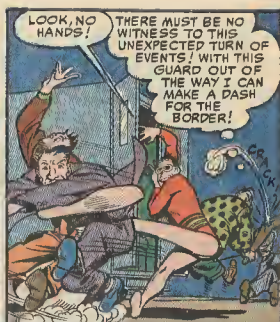
PLASTIC MAN



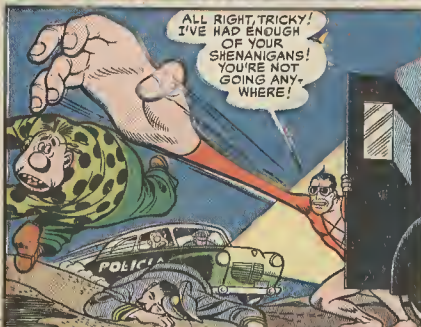
THAT ISN'T THE REASON...

IT'S JUST THAT I'M GETTING TIRED OF BEING COOPED UP!

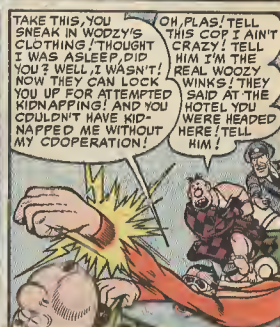
I SHOULD NOT LIKE PLASTIC MAN'S WRATH TURNED AGAINST ME! LET US GO, QUICKLY!



THERE MUST BE NO WITNESS TO THIS UNEXPECTED TURN OF EVENTS! WITH THIS GUARD OUT OF THE WAY I CAN MAKE A DASH FOR THE BORDER!

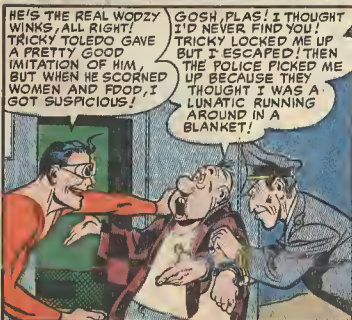


ALL RIGHT, TRICKY! I'VE HAD ENOUGH OF YOUR SHENANIGANS! YOU'RE NOT GOING ANYWHERE!



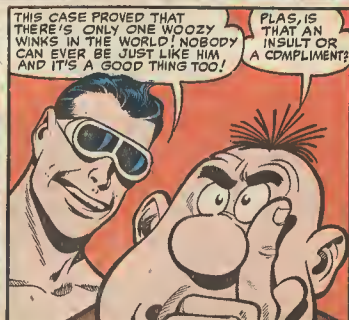
TAKE THIS, YOU SNEAK IN WODZY'S CLOTHING! I THOUGHT I WAS ASLEEP, DID YOU? WELL, I WASN'T! NOW THEY CAN LOCK YOU UP FOR ATTEMPTED KIDNAPPING! AND YOU COULDN'T HAVE KIDNAPPED ME WITHOUT MY COOPERATION!

OH, PLAS! TELL THIS COP I AIN'T CRAZY! TELL HIM I'M THE REAL WOZZY WINKS! THEY SAID AT THE HOTEL YOU WERE HEADED HERE! TELL HIM!



HE'S THE REAL WODZY WINKS, ALL RIGHT! TRICKY TOLEDO GAVE A PRETTY GOOD IMITATION OF HIM, BUT WHEN HE SCORNEO WOMEN AND FOOD, I GOT SUSPICIOUS!

GOSH, PLAS! I THOUGHT I'D NEVER FIND YOU! TRICKY LOCKED ME UP BUT I ESCAPED! THEN THE POLICE PICKED ME UP BECAUSE THEY THOUGHT I WAS A LUNATIC RUNNING AROUND IN A BLANKET!



THIS CASE PROVED THAT THERE'S ONLY ONE WOZZY WINKS IN THE WORLD! NOBODY CAN EVER BE JUST LIKE HIM AND IT'S A GOOD THING TOO!

PLAS, IS THAT AN INSULT OR A COMPLIMENT?

THE MOST DYNAMIC MAGAZINE ON THE
NEWSSTANDS!



Featuring
**KEN
SHANNON**
Sensational
PRIVATE EYE

And

T-MAN

INTREPID TREASURY AGENT AND HIS
FAST PACED WORLD-WIDE ASSIGNMENTS
TRACKING DOWN CRIME!

Also

DAN LEARY
STATE TROOPER

and
INSPECTOR DENVER
MEMESIS OF THE UNDERWORLD!

**52 PAGES OF DARING
EXPLOITS AGAINST
CRIME!**

**POLICE
COMICS**

**IS YOUR TYPE OF
MAGAZINE!**

DON'T MISS A SINGLE ISSUE!



PLASTIC MAN

NOW AIN'T I
THE MOST
AUTHENTIC
HILLBILLY
YOU'VE EVER
SEEN?

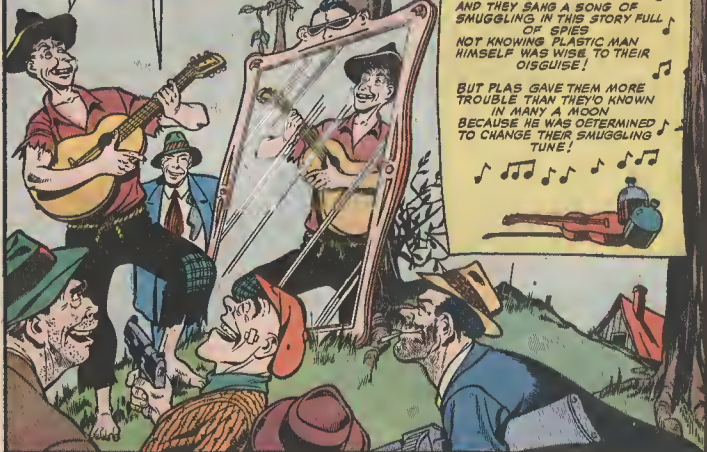
YEP,
YOU COULD
FOOL YOUR
OWN MOTHER!

BUT YOU
CAN'T FOOL
ME!

There WERE SOME HOODLUMS
HIDING IN THE HILLS OF TENNESSEE
WHO THOUGHT THEY HAD THE
SCHEME TO FOOL THE LIXES OF
YOU AND ME!

AND THEY SANG A SONG OF
SMUGGLING IN THIS STORY FULL
OF SPIES
NOT KNOWING PLASTIC MAN
HIMSELF WAS WISE TO THEIR
DISGUISE!

BUT PLAS GAVE THEM MORE
TROUBLE THAN THEY'VE KNOWN
IN MANY A MOON
BECAUSE HE WAS DETERMINED
TO CHANGE THEIR SMUGGLING
TUNE!

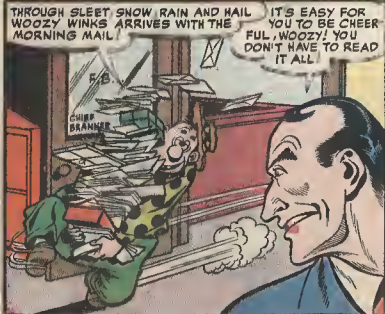


THROUGH SLEET SNOW RAIN AND HAIL
WOZZY WINKS ARRIVES WITH THE
MORNING MAIL!

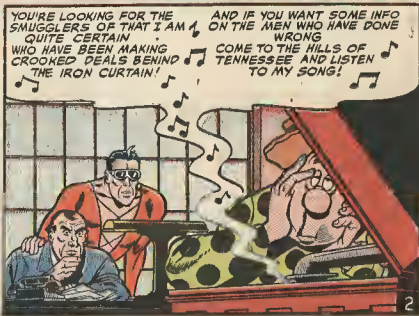
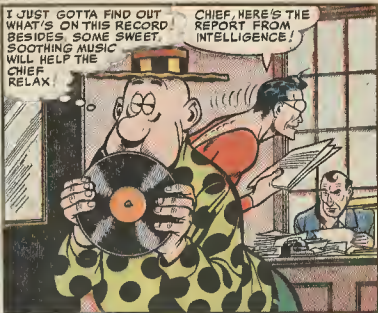
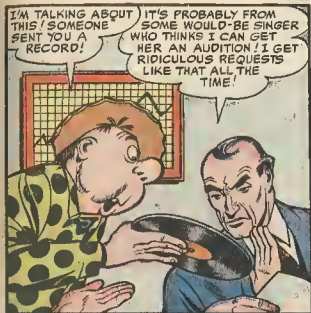
IT'S EASY FOR
YOU TO BE CHEER-
FUL, WOZZY! YOU
DON'T HAVE TO READ
IT ALL!

I DIDN'T KNOW YOU
WERE A MUSIC
LOVER, CHIEF!

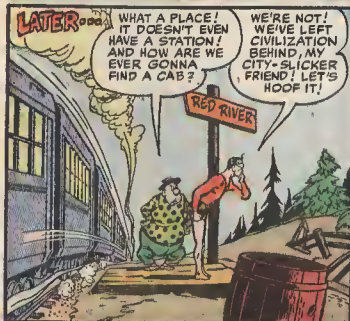
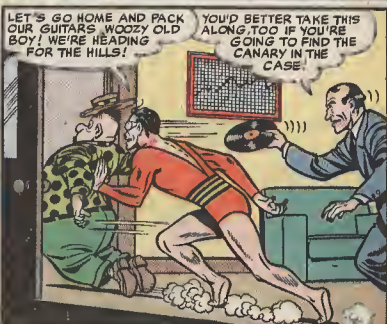
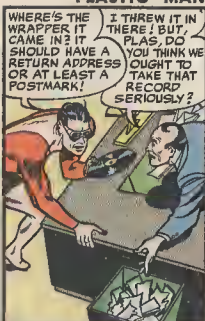
WHAT ARE
YOU TALKING
ABOUT?



PLASTIC MAN



PLASTIC MAN



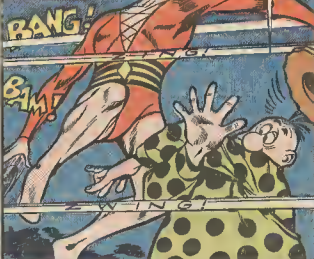
PLASTIC MAN

I DON'T SEE HOW HE COULD HAVE GOTTEN WIND OF OUR SMUGGLING ACTIVITIES... BUT WE'LL GIVE HIM THE KIND OF WELCOME THAT WILL MAKE HIM WANT TO LEAVE....

OKAY! LET'S START A FEUDING AND A-FUSSING!

GET DOWN, WOZZY OR YOU'LL NEVER GET UP AGAIN!

HUH?



WE MAY BE SMACK IN THE MIDDLE OF A FAMILY FEUD OR SOMEONE MIGHT BE USING US FOR TARGET PRACTICE!

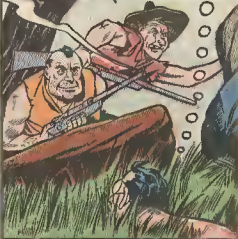
WHATEVER IT IS, IT'S OBVIOUS THEY DON'T WANT US AROUND! LET'S GO HOME!

OH, NO! YOU STAY RIGHT HERE, WOZZY! I'M GOING TO TRACK DOWN OUR WELCOMING COMMITTEE!

WHEN YOU FIND THEM, PLAS, TELL THEM THEY GOT A LOT TO LEARN ABOUT HOSPITALITY!

THAT OUGHT TO SLOW THEM DOWN! NOW LET'S BLOW!

HMMM! THAT'S NO HILLBILLY! THAT'S CORY CRANE!

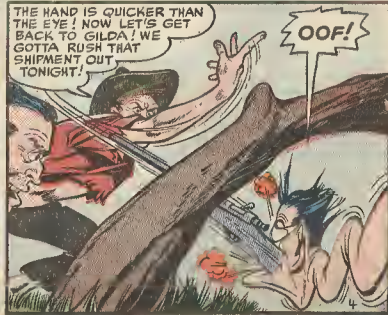


HEY, THAT SNAKE IN THE GRASS IS PLASTIC MAN! WHAT ARE WE GONNA DO?

JUST WATCH!

THE HAND IS QUICKER THAN THE EYE! NOW LET'S GET BACK TO GILDA! WE GOTTA RUSH THAT SHIPMENT OUT TONIGHT!

OOF!



PLASTIC MAN



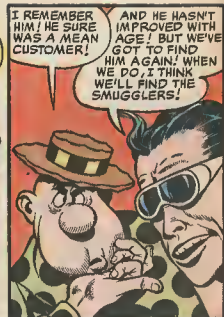
PLAS, WHAT HAVE THEY DONE TO YOU? SPEAK TO ME!

OHhhh!



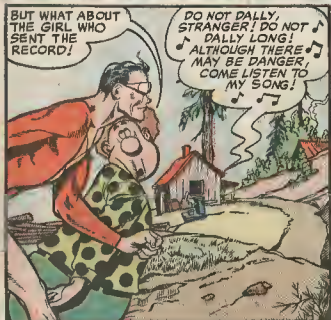
TALK TO ME! TELL ME WHAT HAPPENED!

CORY CRANE...THE CROOK I SENT TO JAIL SIX YEARS AGO... JUST TRIED TO WIPE THE SMILE OFF MY FACE!



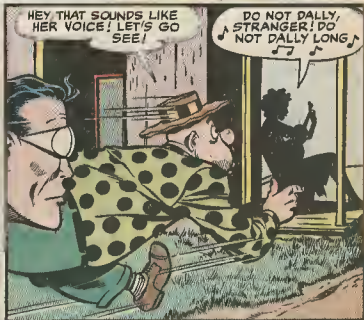
I REMEMBER HIM! HE SURE WAS A MEAN CUSTOMER!

AND HE HASN'T IMPROVED WITH AGE! BUT WE'VE GOT TO FIND HIM AGAIN! WHEN WE DO, I THINK WE'LL FIND THE SMUGGLERS!



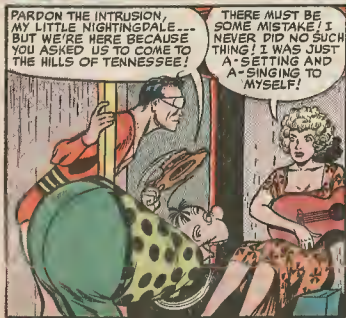
BUT WHAT ABOUT THE GIRL WHO SENT THE RECORD!

DO NOT DALLY, STRANGER! DO NOT DALLY LONG! ALTHOUGH THERE MAY BE DANGER, COME LISTEN TO MY SONG!



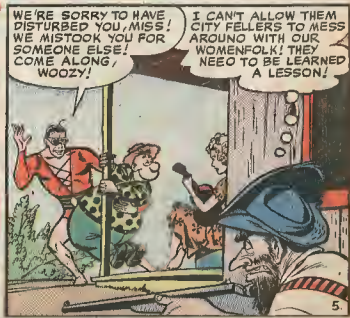
HEY THAT SOUNDS LIKE HER VOICE! LET'S GO SEE!

DO NOT DALLY, STRANGER! DO NOT DALLY LONG!



PARDON THE INTRUSION, MY LITTLE NIGHTINGDALE... BUT WE'RE HERE BECAUSE YOU ASKED US TO COME TO THE HILLS OF TENNESSEE!

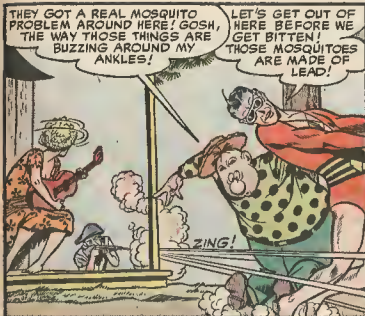
THERE MUST BE SOME MISTAKE! I NEVER DID NO SUCH THING! I WAS JUST A-SINGING AND A-SINGING TO MYSELF!



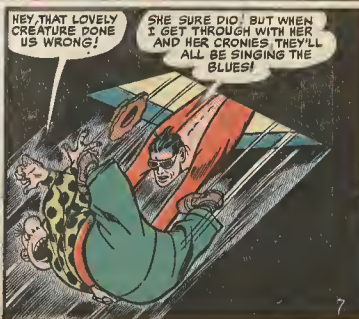
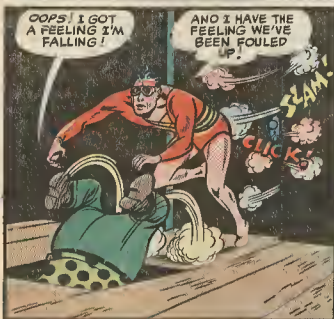
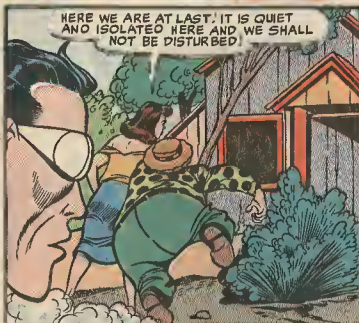
WE'RE SORRY TO HAVE DISTURBED YOU, MISS! WE MISTOOK YOU FOR SOMEONE ELSE! COME ALONG, WOZZY!

I CAN'T ALLOW THEM CITY FELLERS TO MESS AROUND WITH OUR WOMENFOLK! THEY NEED TO BE LEARNED A LESSON!

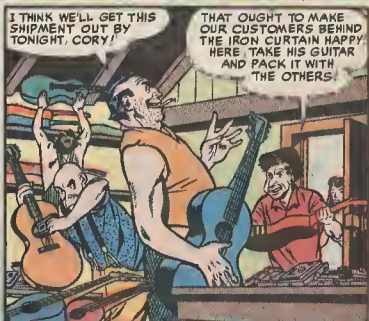
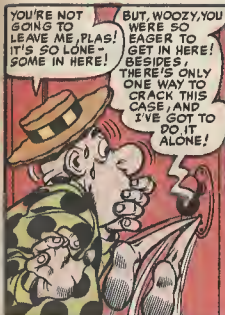
PLASTIC MAN



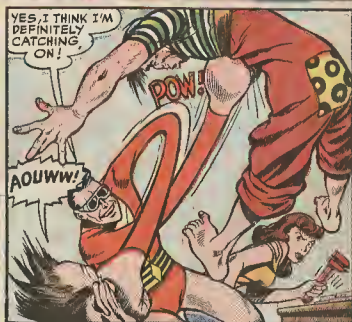
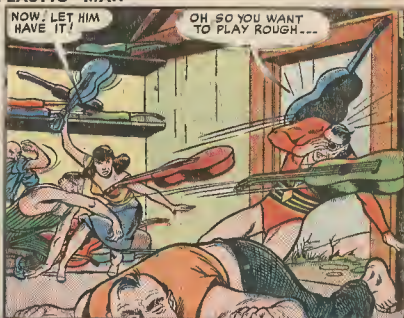
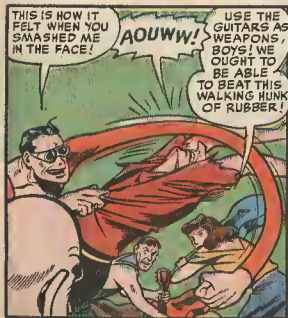
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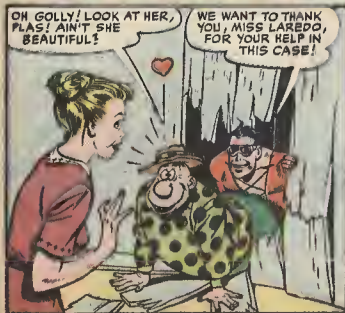
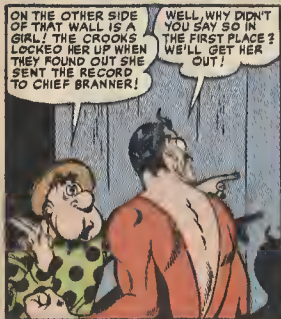
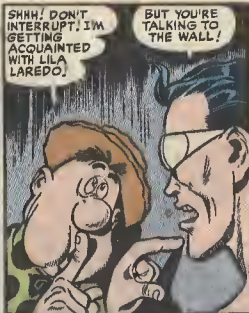
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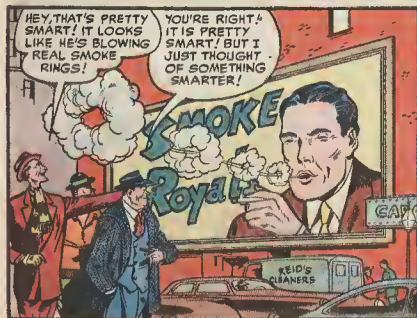
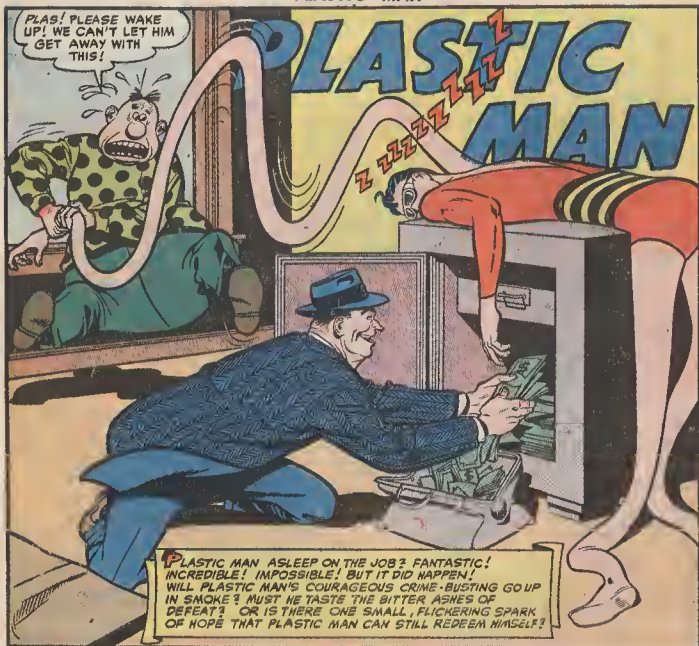


PLASTIC MAN



PLASTIC MAN





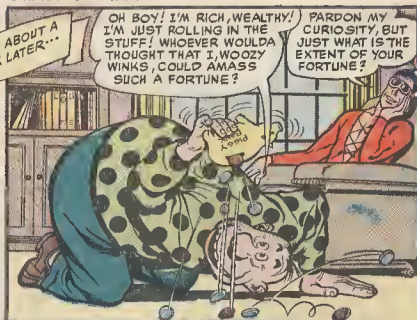
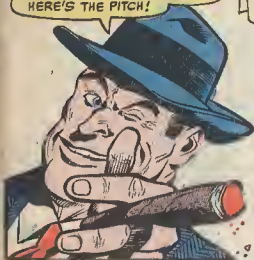
PLASTIC MAN

THAT'S WHAT MAKES MY IDEA SO TERRIFIC! ONLY WHEN WE GET THINGS LINED UP... THEY AIN'T GONNA BE SO LEGAL! NOW HERE'S THE PITCH!

And ABOUT A WEEK LATER...

OH BOY! I'M RICH, WEALTHY! I'M JUST ROLLING IN THE STUFF! WHOEVER WOULD'VE THOUGHT THAT I, WOODY WINKS, COULD AMASS SUCH A FORTUNE?

PARDON MY CURIOSITY, BUT JUST WHAT IS THE EXTENT OF YOUR FORTUNE?



I'M STRICTLY UPPER BRACKET IN INCOME NOW! I GOT THREE DOLLARS AND TWENTY-THREE CENTS!

YOU DON'T SAY! I HOPE YOU PLAN TO INVEST IT WISELY!

THAT'S IT! INVEST IT! WHY DIDN'T I THINK OF IT BEFORE? CALL THE STOCK EXCHANGE! CALL J.P. MORGAN! I CAN SEE IT ALL NOW... WOODY WINKS, THE WIZARD OF WALL STREET!

NOW, LOOK, WOODY! I WAS ONLY KIDDING!

THIS IS NO LAUGHING MATTER! OUT OF MY WAY, PLAS! STOCKS, BONDS, SECURITIES, HERE I COME!

UH-OH! WHAT HAVE I STARTED?

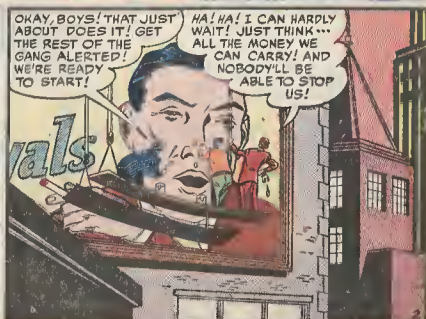


THERE'S NO STOPPING ME, PLAS. I'M HEADED FOR THE FINANCIAL DISTRICT!

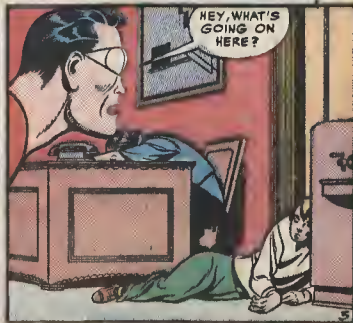
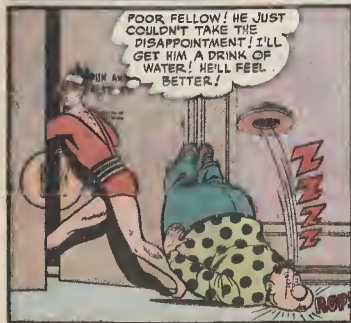
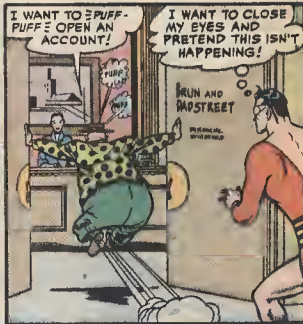
YOU MEAN YOU'RE HEADED FOR TROUBLE! I'D BETTER COME ALONG!

OKAY, BOYS! THAT JUST ABOUT DOES IT! GET THE REST OF THE GANG ALERTED! WE'RE READY TO START!

HA! HA! I CAN HARDLY WAIT! JUST THINK... ALL THE MONEY WE CAN CARRY! AND NOBODY'LL BE ABLE TO STOP US!



PLASTIC MAN



PLASTIC MAN



I GUESS IF SHE WANTS TO TAKE A NAP, IT'S HER OWN BUSINESS! FIRST I'LL GET WOOLLY SOME WATER THEN I'LL LOOK INTO THIS!



MUST BE THE ATMOSPHERE... I'M GETTING PRETTY SLEEPY MYSELF! YAWN! CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT...



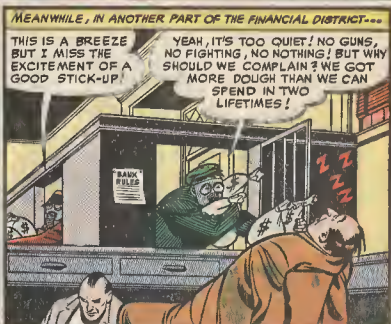
THESE SLEEPING BEAUTIES WON'T BOTHER US! LET'S GET TO WORK!

MUSTN'T FALL ASLEEP... SOMETHING'S FUNNY... MUST FIND OUT WHAT... IT IS...



MUST BE DREAMING... THEY'RE BREAKING INTO THAT SAFE...AND NOBODY'S STOPPING THEM!

IT'S GOING OFF WITHOUT A HITCH! I WONDER HOW THE REST OF THE GANG IS DOING!



MEANWHILE, IN ANOTHER PART OF THE FINANCIAL DISTRICT...

THIS IS A BREEZE BUT I MISS THE EXCITEMENT OF A GOOD STICK-UP!

YEAH, IT'S TOO QUIET! NO GUNS, NO FIGHTING, NO NOTHING! BUT WHY SHOULD WE COMPLAIN? WE GOT MORE DOUGH THAN WE CAN SPEND IN TWO LIFETIMES!



AND BACK AT THE OFFICES OF BRUN AND DADSTREET...

LET'S GO! WE GOT MORE THAN WE CAN CARRY AS IT IS!

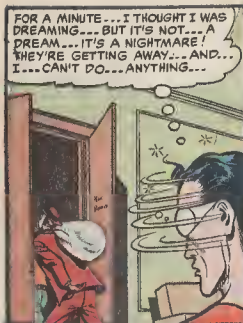
DO YOU SEE WHAT I SEE? THE FAMOUS PLASTIC MAN IS TAKING A SIESTA WHILE THE JOINT IS BEING ROBBED!



WELL, WE DON'T WANT TO DISTURB HIS PLEASANT DREAMS, DO WE?

HA! HA! HA! HA! HA!

PLASTIC MAN



FOR A MINUTE... I THOUGHT I WAS DREAMING... BUT IT'S NOT... A DREAM... IT'S A NIGHTMARE! THEY'RE GETTING AWAY... AND... I... CAN'T DO... ANYTHING...



HEY, AXEL! NOW THAT WE'RE LOADED WITH THE STUFF, WHAT ARE WE GONNA DO WITH IT UNTIL THE EXCITEMENT BLOWS OVER?

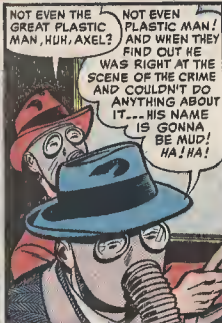


NOBODY'LL THINK OF LOOKING FOR IT BEHIND OUR ADVERTISING SIGN! THERE'S ENOUGH ROOM BACK THERE TO STASH IT ALL AWAY! LET'S GET MOVING BEFORE THESE BOOBS START TO WAKE UP!



IF I HADN'T SEEN IT WITH MY OWN EYES, I'D NEVER BELIEVE ANYBODY COULD PULL A TERRIFIC STUNT LIKE THIS!

AND THE BEST PART OF ALL IS THAT NOBODY CAN PIN A THING ON US! IT'S FOOL-PROOF!



NOT EVEN THE GREAT PLASTIC MAN, HUH, AXEL?

NOT EVEN PLASTIC MAN! AND WHEN THEY FIND OUT HE WAS RIGHT AT THE SCENE OF THE CRIME AND COULDN'T DO ANYTHING ABOUT IT... HIS NAME IS GONNA BE MUD! HA! HA!

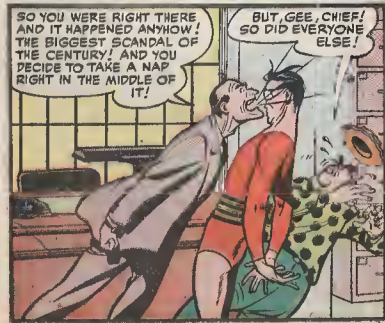


NEXT DAY...

BRACE YOURSELF, WOOLZY! THIS TIME WE'RE REALLY IN FOR IT! MEN HAVE BEEN SHOT FOR FALLING ASLEEP ON THE JOB!

GULP! I DON'T WANT TO BE SHOT, PLAS! IT'LL INTERFERE WITH MY PLANS TO BE A FINANCIAL WIZARD!

F.B.I. CHIEF RANNER



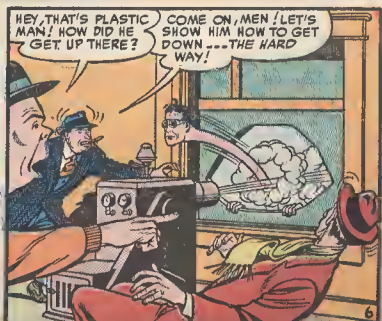
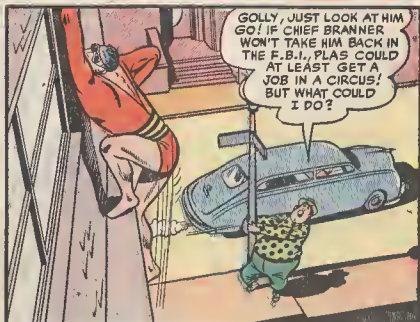
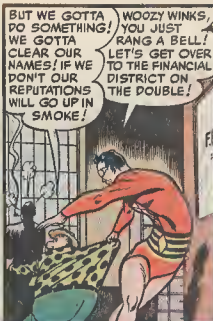
SO YOU WERE RIGHT THERE AND IT HAPPENED ANYHOW! THE BIGGEST SCANDAL OF THE CENTURY! AND YOU DECIDE TO TAKE A NAP RIGHT IN THE MIDDLE OF IT!

BUT, GEE, CHIEF! SO DID EVERYONE ELSE!

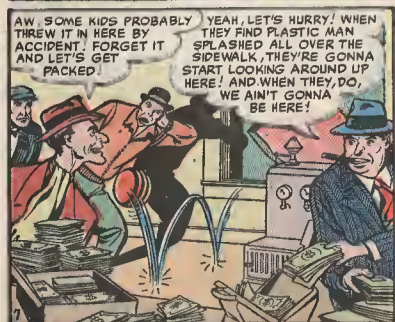
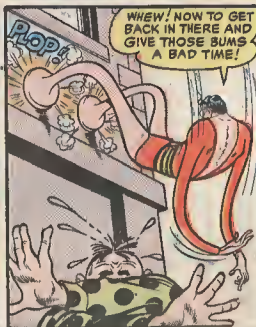
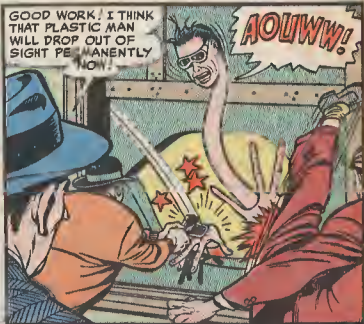
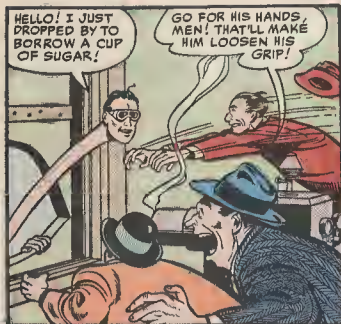


BUT YOU DON'T HAPPEN TO BE EVERYONE ELSE! YOU'RE REPRESENTATIVES OF THE F.B.I. AND YOU LET US DOWN! GET OUT!

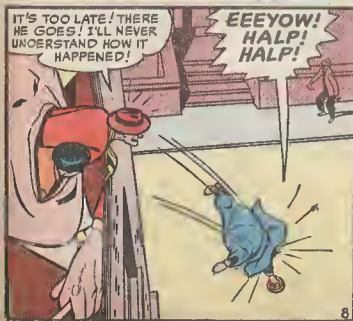
PLASTIC MAN



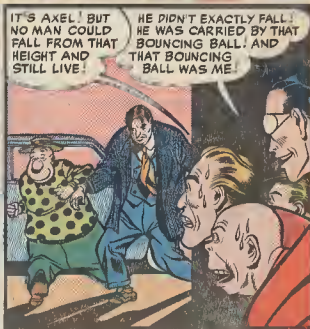
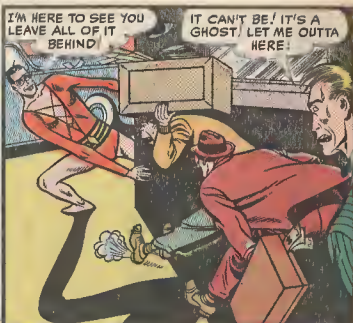
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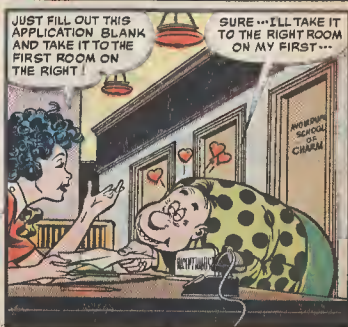
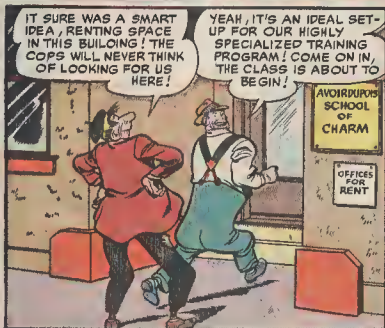
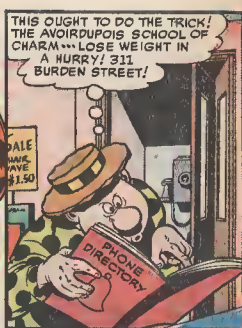
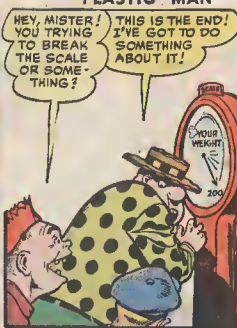
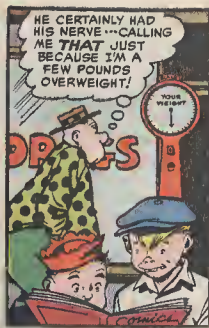


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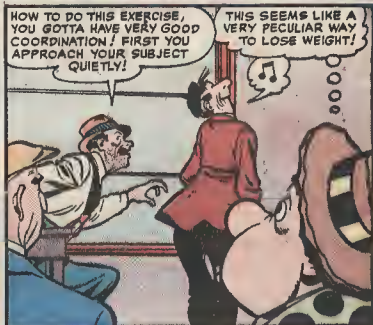
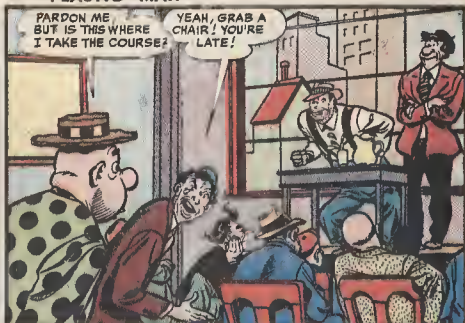
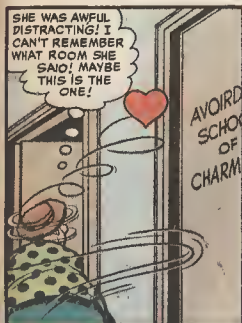




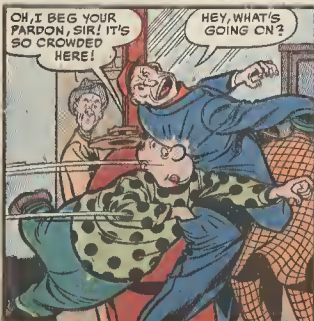
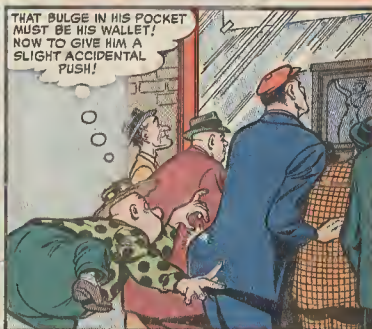
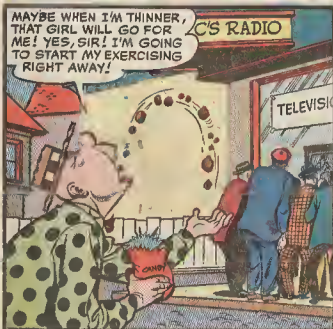
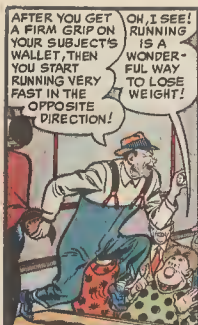
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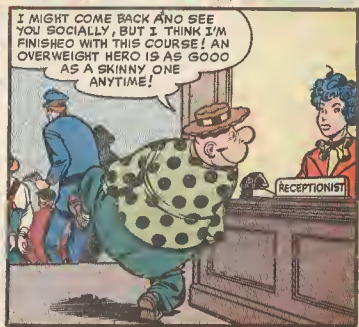
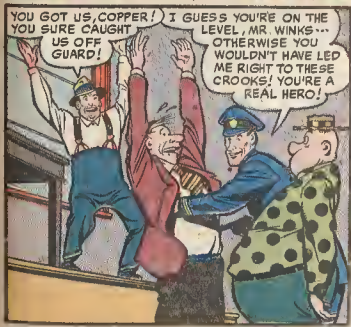
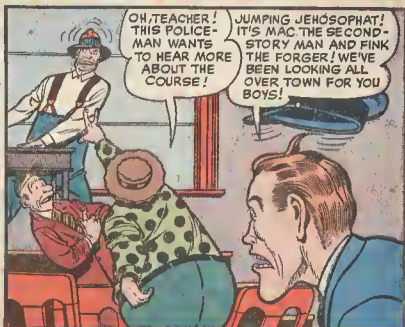
PLASTIC MAN



PLASTIC MAN



PLASTIC MAN



THE BODY IN THE CREEK

DETECTIVE STEPHEN PINSON was a happy and contented man. He found it necessary to open the buttons of his vest. For after all, a two pound steak, a side dish of French fried potatoes, and a big slice of apple pie do occupy room in the human stomach. Of all the eating places in town he liked "Martin's Diner" the best. You sat in, a secluded cabin like affair and while eating your meal you were alone. From the other side of the partition he could hear a female voice speak.

"What shall I do with the body? He deserved to die! If I remove all identification marks, will that help me? The police will find the body if I drop it off the Central Avenue Bridge. But as long as they can't identify it, all is safe. That ought to be a solution to my problem. But alas, it isn't. Not satisfactory at all."

Quietly Detective Pinson arose from his seat. He was a good looking, clear eyed man in his early thirties. And his blond wavy hair combined with his deep blue eyes were bound to throw you off your guard. He walked around the partition and stopped at the table opposite him. A young girl, in her early twenties, with light brown hair and hazel eyes was seated alone at the table.

"Where is the body?" he asked in no uncertain words. The girl showed not the slightest sign of being upset. "Wouldn't you like to know?" she challenged. Detective Pinson showed his badge. In return the girl merely laughed for a few seconds. "Sit down and I shall inform you about my dastardly crime." The officer sat opposite her. She handed him an envelope with a command, "Read it all in the letter." The name on the envelope was Miss Ruth Jameson. "That you?" he asked. She nodded her head in the affirmative.

A smile crept over the face of Detective Stephen Pinson as he read the long letter. It was a rejection concerning a detective story which the young lady had recently submitted to "Horrid Homicide Magazine." He read aloud the part which went, "... and it seems silly to drop the body off the Central Avenue Bridge. Childish and amateurish. Your writing shows some ability but your knowledge of crime is almost down to the absolute zero. We suggest

you meet either a detective or patrolman and have enlightened upon the subject."

As they left the restaurant headed for his car, Ruth Jameson couldn't help remarking, "I guess some good angel must have read the letter over the editor's shoulder and sent you to me." A huzz in the car informed Detective Pinson that a call was coming in over the radio phone. He opened the door and listened to the message. His eyes almost popped out of his head as he replaced the earphone on its hanger.

"They just found a body in the creek under the Central Avenue Bridge. Come on with me and we'll find out how it got there." Ruth needed no second invitation to get into the car. It was thrilling as the car sped down Fourth Avenue, into Hillside, along Sutter's Park, and then to the bridge. Once they almost hit a city bus and she closed her eyes and grasped Detective Pinson's arm. When she opened her eyes she still was alive and the bus was going in the other direction.

When they got to the creek they found reporters and police. Captain Charles Gilford of Homicide was in charge. "Who is the young lady, Stephen?" he asked. "Just an amateur detective writer who may be able to help us." That seemed to suffice to let her remain for while other posey people were chased away she was permitted to stay at Detective Pinson's side. She wanted to see the body but Captain Gilford refused.

"Not a pleasant sight for a young Miss to see. They burned all his finger tips so we can't identify him. And his face was beaten to almost a pulp. They must have tortured him terribly before they killed him. Cigarette burns all over the body. Guess they wanted to get some information from him and he didn't want to tell. They stripped him of all his clothing and then wrapped the body in a clean sheet. No laundry marks on the sheet. Almost up a blind alley."

At the end of the week Detective Pinson had bought Ruth two boxes of candy, one dozen American Roses, one corsage and had even paid a speculator a bonus for front row seats to the latest show. But he was a bit unhappy.

"Still got that murder on your mind," she remarked as they were walking home from a

late movie show at the Strand. "If crime were only as easy to solve in real life as in fiction, all would be happy."

"Too bad there wasn't a laundry mark on that sheet," complained Detective Pinson, "then we would have the solution dumped right into our lap."

Ruth puckered up her lips like a little girl and began to recite, "It's the things we can't see with our eyes that give us such a terrible surprise." And then she added, "By my favorite poetess—myself." Detective Pinson gave her one glance, "Ruth, you gave me an idea. It may work. We're going to police headquarters."

Captain Charles Gilford held a borrowed ultra violet ray lamp in his hand and he played the light over the sheet. "Your hunch is perfect," he complimented the detective and his girl escort, "for you can see the laundry mark LL-26798M. Guess it must be a new idea using invisible laundry marks. I'll contact the Laundry Institute in the morning and see if they can give us a lead."

Before noon Detective Pinson and Miss Jameson were in the main office of the "Larelain Laundry Service" which had recently opened. It rented you all the linens you needed for a specified fee. Mr. Harvey Larelain, owner, was most cooperative. "I received the call from the Laundry Institute this morning," he began. "This idea is new about using invisible laundry marks. They only show up under ultra violet ray light. You had a good hunch when you tried that lamp. My records show that this sheet was last in the possession of Mrs. Helen McGillis who runs a small boarding house at 460 West Cooper Avenue."

Ruth was excited as they drove over to the boarding house. "I think we'll get a valuable clue there. Oh, I'm so excited watching a mystery being solved." To which a perfect gentleman added, "And you did your share with that bit of poetry."

Mrs. McGillis had a lot to tell and her tongue went a mile a minute. The middle aged drab looking owner of the boarding house was conscious she might get into the newspapers. "Mr. Walter Rollo had the second room in the back on the third floor. Always a quiet man. He once told me he was an orphan. He's been away since the day the police found that body. But I never connected the two events. Received a letter from Chicago from his mother with a fifty dollar bill in it. Told me to send his things to her address." Then Mrs. McGillis stopped for a second. "If he's an orphan, how can he have

a mother? Something funny. You know he gave me a claim check at the railroad station. Told me to hold it for him. I hid it behind the old clock on the mantel. Wait till I get it."

At the railroad station Detective Pinson reclaimed the object checked, which was a heavy valise. He opened it and almost fainted. For inside were packages of ten dollar bills. Then he examined them again carefully. "It's the loot from the holdup last year of the Third National Bank. Must be about one hundred thousand dollars in this valise." As they left the check room, two men bumped into Detective Pinson. One held a .45 automatic against his ribs while the other took the valise. "One peep out of you copper, and you'll be a dead duck. I'm going to take your gun. Walk with us to the curb and get into my car."

A car was parked outside the railroad station. As they were about to enter the car two powerfully built men with guns in their hands took charge of the situation. "Don't worry, Detective Pinson," said one of them. "We're two private dicks hired to watch you." One of the gangsters went for his gun and stopped a slug in his shoulder. "Think we were fooling, eh?" commented one of the private detectives.

A week later everyone was happy at Police Headquarters. Captain Gilford of Homicide was in charge. "Last year the Hooey Mob held up the Third National Bank. We got them all except Tom Hooey and the money. He vanished from the city. Couldn't spend the money in the states because we had the serial numbers. Seems two other mobs knew where he was hiding and wanted the money to send it abroad. Joe Fennis and his boys from Chicago got to Hooey first. Tortured him and then dumped the body wrapped in what looked like a spotless sheet. The Chicago police got them at the address in the letter to Mrs. McGillis. The other mob trailed Detective Pinson and the private detectives got them."

Captain Gilford cleared his throat as he looked at the reporters and a happy couple—Detective Pinson and Ruth. "Miss Jameson gets a check for \$10,000 for helping us. A reward from the bank. But how about those private detectives? Who sent them? They won't talk."

Ruth, like a woman, had the last word. "I hired them, Captain. In fiction detective stories at the strategic moment, the detective and his girl are confronted by the crooks. I took no chance. Paid them to trail us day and night. And it worked. You got your men and I got my reward and my man."

Plastic Man

THERE'S A WIND COMING UP! MAYBE IT'S GONNA RAIN!

WELL, IT AIN'T APRIL SHOWERS... IT'S PLASTIC MAN!

A CRIME SYNDICATE GETS THE NOTION THAT STEALING CARS IS A BREEZE! WHEN PLASTIC MAN GETS WIND OF THIS, HE BECOMES A VERITABLE HURRICANE BLASTING AT THEIR LAWLESSNESS! BUT WHO WILL SURVIVE THE TURBULENT STORM... PLASTIC MAN OR THE FORCES OF EVIL?

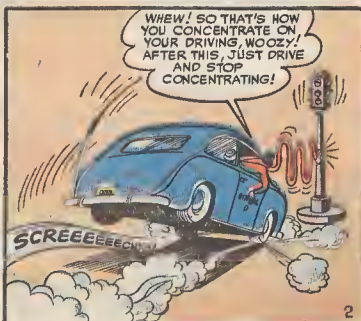
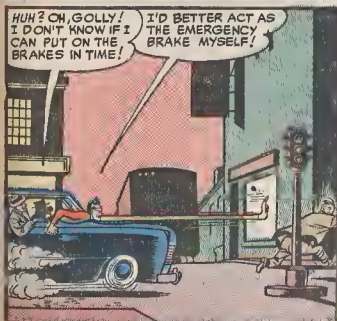
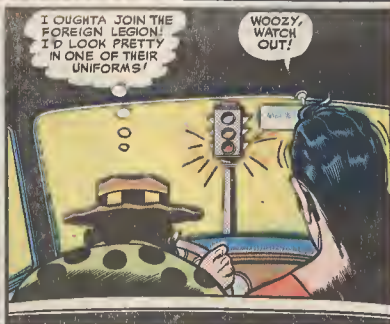
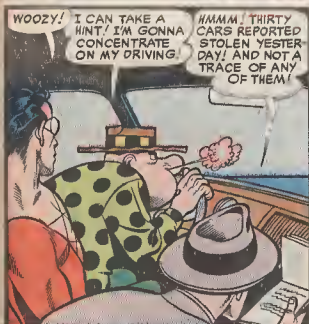
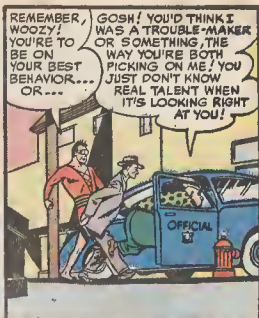
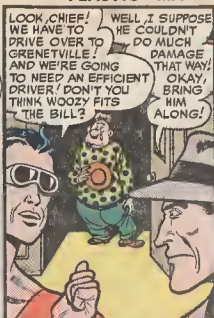
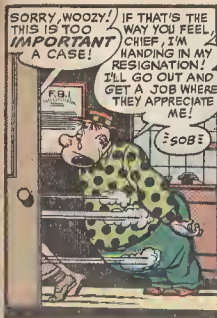
PLAS. YOU'VE BEEN COOLING YOUR HEELS FOR SOME TIME NOW BUT NOW THINGS ARE GETTING HOT!

SIMMER DOWN, CHIEF, AND TELL ME WHAT'S UP!

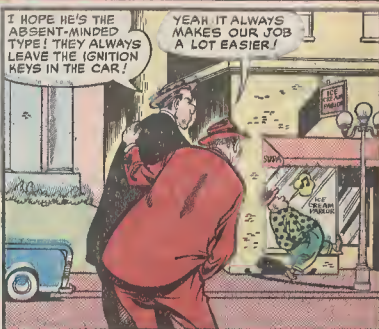
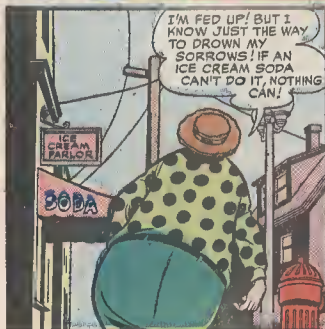
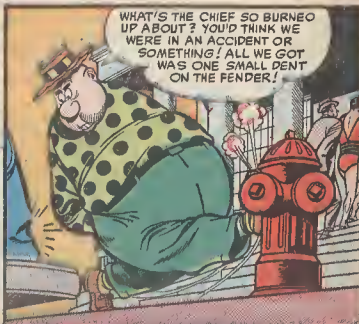
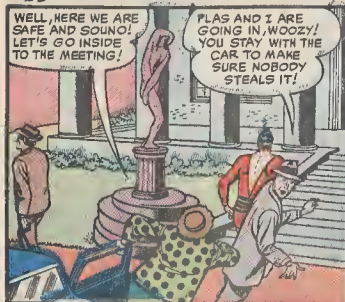
WE'VE GOT TO GO TO A MEETING IN GRENETVILLE! THE CITY OFFICIALS ARE HAVING A BIG POW-WOW ABOUT THE STOLEN CAR PROBLEM!

I'M COMING TOO! YOU'RE GOING TO NEED MY SPECIAL CRIME-FIGHTING TALENTS!

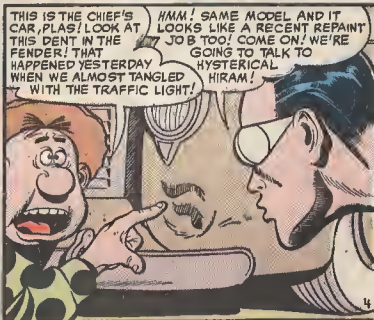
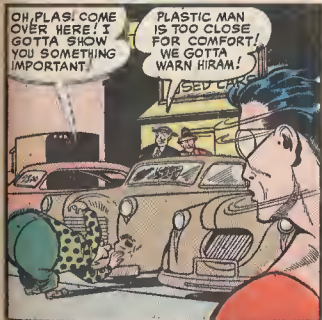
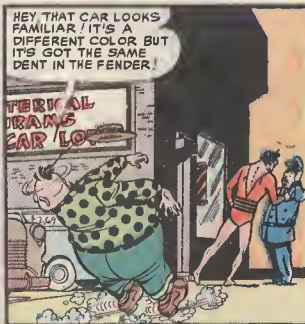
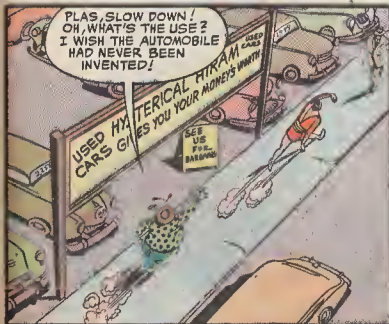
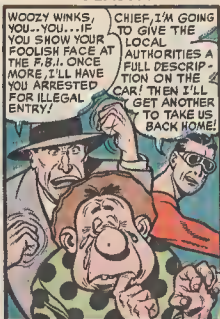
PLASTIC MAN



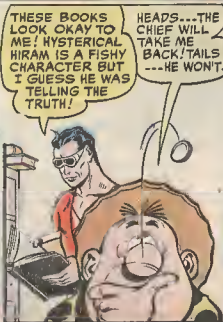
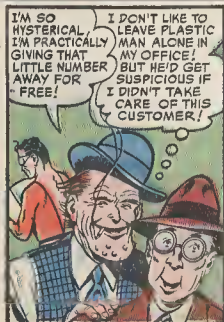
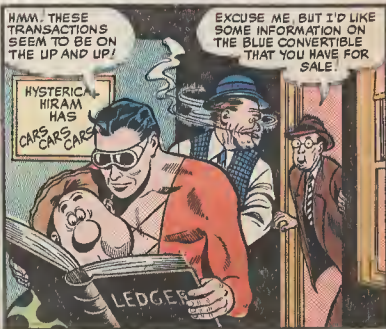
AND A SHORT TIME LATER...



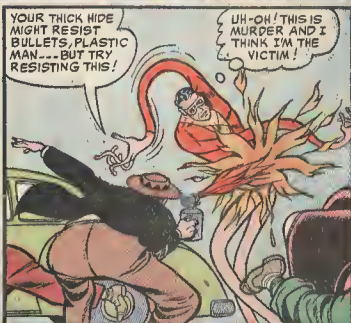
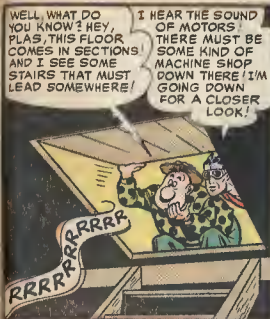
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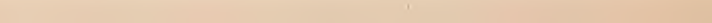
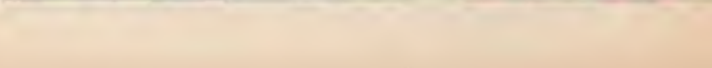
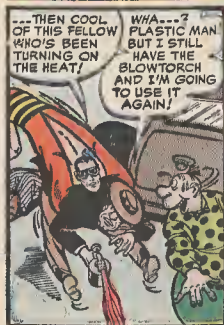
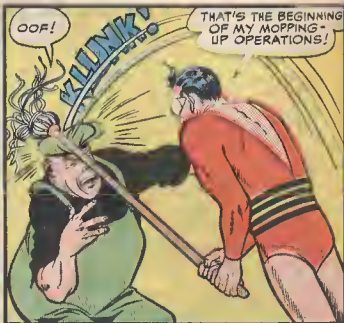
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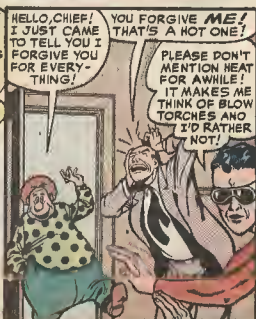
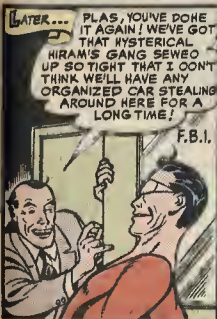
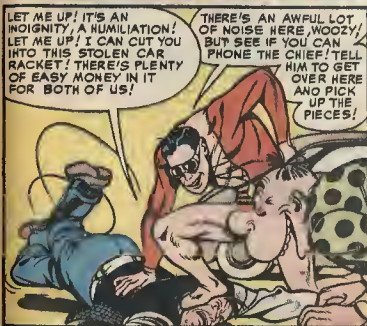
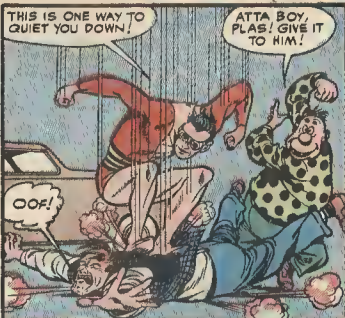
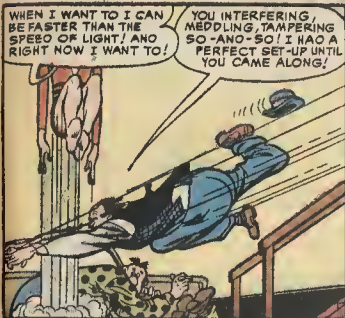
PLASTIC MAN



PLASTIC MAN



PLASTIC MAN



Which of these 2 one time WEAKLINGS PAID only a Few Cents?

to become an

All-Around HE-MAN at Home

Larry Campbell

Rex Ferris



WHICH ONE PAID HUNDREDS OF DOLLARS TO TRAIN AT MY SIDE?

Rex Ferris, like you, paid only a few cents to start building into a champion all around He Man!

Rex mailed me a coupon as below. He was a skinny bag of bones. Today he is tops in athletics, strength, business.

Larry Campbell paid me hundreds of dollars to train at my side years ago. Now you can start building into an All Around He Man right at home with these same progressive power secrets for only a few cents—just as

AMAZING
get acquainted offer!
Now All 5 Famous Jowett
Complete Muscle Building Courses

YOUR
LAST
CHANCE only 10c

plus FREE MY PHOTO BOOK OF FAMOUS STRONG MEN

Let's Go, Pal! I'll prove I can make YOU too

an "ALL-AROUND" HE-MAN

FAST—or it won't cost you a cent—

says George F. Jowett—World's Greatest Body Builder



PROVE IT TO YOURSELF IN ONE NIGHT
Send only 10c for my 5 easy-to-follow, picture-packed courses now in 1 complete volume—How to Become a Muscular He-Man. Try it for one night. Experience the thrilling strength that surges through your muscles.

ENJOY MY "PROGRESSIVE POWER" STRENGTH SECRETS! GIVE ME 10 EASY MINUTES A DAY—WITHOUT STRAIN!

I'll teach you the 'Progressive Power Method' through which I rebuilt myself from a physical wreck the doctors condemned to die at 15, to the holder of more strength records than any other living athlete or teacher! 'Progressive Power' has proven its ability to build the strongest, hardiest men in the world. And I stand ready to show you on a money back basis—that no matter how flabby or puny you are, I can do the same for you right in your own home. Let me prove I can add inches to your arms, broaden your shoulders, give you a man-sized chest, powerful legs and a Rock-like back—in fact, power pack your whole body so quickly it will amaze you! Yes, I'll am you with power and self-confidence to master any situation—to win popularity—and to get ahead on the job! Through my proven secrets I bring to life new power in you inside and out, until YOU are fully satisfied you are the man you want to be.

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Think of it—all live of these famous courses now in one picture-packed volume for only 10c. If you're not delighted with this famous muscle-building guide—if you don't actually FEEL results within ONE WEEK, send it back and your money will be promptly refunded!

FREE! Jowett's Photo Book of Famous Strong Men!

This amazing book, "Nerves of Steel, Muscles of Iron," has guided thousands of weaklings to muscular power. Packed with photos of miracle men (all mighty and muscle who started perhaps weaker than you are. Read the thrilling adventures of Jowett in strength that inspired his pupils to follow him. They'll show you the best way to gain weight and muscle. Send for FREE gift book of PHOTOS OF FAMOUS STRONG MEN.

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Just a Few of the Records at George F. Jowett

When experts call him "Champion of Champions," a World's welterweight wrestling champion at 17 • World's weight lifting champion at 19 • Required to have the strongest arms in the world • Four times winner of the world's most perfectly developed body... plus many other world records!

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DEPT. C-15

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Champion of Champions

Dear George: Please send by return mail, prepaid FREE Jowett's Photo Book of Strong Men, plus all 5 Muscle Building Courses: 1. Molding a Mighty Chest, 2. Molding a Mighty Arm, 3. Molding a Mighty Leg, 4. Molding a Mighty Back, 5. Molding Mighty Legs—Now all in One Volume "How to Become a Muscular He-Man." ENCLOSED FIND 10c FOR POSTAGE AND HANDLING.

NAME _____ AGE _____
(Please Print Plainly, Include Zone Number)

ADDRESS _____ NO. C.O.D.'s _____

CITY _____ ZONE & STATE _____

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SHOW HOW
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VETERANS
Get this training
under G.I. Bill
MAIL COUPON!

[illegible][illegible]

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Your next step is a good job installing and servicing Radio-Television sets or becoming boss of your own Radio-Television sales and service shop or getting a good job in a Broadcasting Station. Today there are over 90,000,000 home and auto Radios. 3100 Broadcasting Stations are on the air. Aviation and Police Radio, Micro-Wave Relay, Two-Way Radio are all expanding, making more and better opportunities for servicing and communication technicians and FCC licensed operators.

And think of the opportunities in Television! In 1950 over 5,000,000 Television sets were sold. By 1954 authorities estimate 25,000,000 Television sets will be in use. Over 100 Television Stations are now operating, with experts predicting 1,000. Now is the time to get in line for success and a bright future in America's fast-growing industry. Be a Radio-Television Technician. Mail coupon for Lesson and Book—FREE.

**Read How You Practice Servicing or Communications
with Many Kits of Parts You Get!**

YOU BUILD this modern Radio (above) as part of your Starting Course. Build this complete set. The Radio Enclosure that hangs in local and out-of-stations. N.H.I. gives you ALL the Radio parts, a complete audio system, transceiver, etc., for your station. **WEATHER** the Radio you need. You are invited to get your N.H.I. Radio experience. Make **N.H.I.** make your living, neighbors. It is in the building.

[illegible]

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Now, specify the
BF OSCILLATOR
SET, using what units. You
want hertz. Get what
ENCE looking and verify
Milli ohms for both and

Keep your job while training at home. Here's how: I've trained an average! RADIO-TELEVISION TECHNICIANS! Most had no previous experience, many no more than grammar school education. Now they're Radio-TV technicians! I'll give you the Radio-TV technician diploma from the illustrious GEM. Get PRACTICAL EXPERIENCE! Get valuable Electronic McEwester fast-coordinating tools: the practice services Radios or operating Transmitters—experiment with electric current to Radios and Televisions. At last it's just part of the equipment! My students bond with money bags of parts I provide. All equipment is yours to keep! Many students make \$5, \$10 a week when they're employed! Realize it: more time

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Act Now! Send for my FREE DOUBLE OFFER. Coupon replies you to actual loss on Services; shows how you learn Radio-Television at home. You'll also receive my 61-page book, "How to Be a Success in Radio-Television." You'll read what my graduates are doing, earning, see photos of equipment you, practically at home. Send coupon to develop or paste on postal card.

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**NOW AIR RIFLE OWNERS CAN
BECOME JUNIOR MEMBERS OF
NATIONAL RIFLE ASSOCIATION
AND GET ALL THIS**

PLUS THE OPPORTUNITY TO EARN OFFICIAL NRA MEDALS

NOW you can learn to shoot safely, expertly with your Daisy at official NRA targets under adult supervision—as an Active Junior NRA Member! AND you can proudly wear the prized NRA embroidered brassard on coat, shirt or sweater—carry the impressive NRA Membership Card—own and enjoy the famous NRA Junior Rifle Handbook—earn a string of NRA marksmanship medals reaching clear across your chest! ALSO you can qualify for Lapel Button Awards and receive a Free Diploma for completing each of the six main Qualification Courses. Learn how you can be a Junior NRA Member—get into "The Big Leagues" of shooting—with your Daisy! Mail coupon, 10¢, unused 3¢ stamp for new Daisy AIR RIFLEMAN Book.

New!



READY FOR YOU!

If you own a Daisy or expect to, you and your parents need this exciting new book! AIR RIFLEMAN explains how you can join NRA as a Junior Member—diagrams new air rifle backstop—shows new "Short Range" Target Card—tells how Daisy "shooting action" works—Special Messages to parents—many other features.

**DAISY MANUFACTURING COMPANY
DEPT. 2851, PLYMOUTH, MICHIGAN, U. S. A.**

☐ I enclose 10¢ in coin and unused 3¢ stamp for new **DAISY AIR RIFLEMAN BOOK** and details how I can become an NRA Junior Member and win **AWARDS** with my Daisy. Rush postpaid.

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YOUR NAME _____

ORGANIZATION'S NAME (if any) _____

STREET AND NO. _____

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☐ **MEN AND WOMEN!** If you hunt or shoot, you belong in the SENIOR NRA. Check here for facts.



1 OFFICIAL NRA
"SEW ON" BRASSARD
(EMBROIDERED EMBLEM)



2 OFFICIAL NRA
JUNIOR RIFLE
HANDBOOK



National Rifle Association of America
This is to certify that the person whose signature appears on the other side is an **ACTIVE JUNIOR MEMBER** in good standing of this Association for the term indicated.
E. B. Smith, Secretary

**SEND NOW FOR
EXCITING NEW DAISY
AIR RIFLEMAN
... It Tells How
You Can Join!**

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ORGANIZATIONS! Sponsor a junior air rifle club of 10 or more. Service clubs, fraternal organizations, churches, conservation and rifle and gun clubs, municipal recreation and police departments, supervised juvenile clubs, veterans, others—write!

The National Rifle Association of America is a non-profit, non-sectarian organization of over half a million shooters. It is the oldest national sportsmen's association in the United States. For 80 years NRA has conducted America's civilian program of instruction in the safe and proper handling of firearms. It has trained 2 1/2 million boys and girls in marksmanship. Now, since its Junior Program has been extended, air rifle owners can participate in this time-tested training program.



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